



Hard Week for the Curio Men.
Main Thoroughfares Too Narrow.
When Man From Mars Hit Town.
Politeness a Lost Art.
Just a Little About The Advertiser.

Last week was a hard one on the dealers in curios. John Effinger woke up to find himself the victim of a discriminating burglar, who helped himself generously from the best goods in stock; and Culman came upon the scene of his store to learn that burglars had gone after his goods in a wholesale way. On top of this comes the tale of James Steiner, which is what the reporters call an "exclusive story."

Mr. Steiner was not robbed, on the contrary he found himself so well protected that he was locked in his own basement, where moths do not break in and steal and the most diligent bamboo-boring calopus would fail to get a beakhold. The dealer in the antique, the strange, the novel, dismissed his willing helpers one night during the week and stayed behind to straighten up the stock, balance the books and count the cash. The front door was carefully locked, while within the proprietor busied himself. It was past the midnight hour when he took a last look around, preparatory to going home, the tour of inspection leading him into the cellar. While here investigating he heard the door slam, the only door out of the basement and one with a spring lock to which he had not the key. He was safely locked up in his own establishment.

Crawling into the basement window opening, he waited for help. The sound of late footsteps came to him every once in awhile, but his many calls for help were lost. About three o'clock, however, came a rescue party, a sailor pausing on the grating. "Help!" came the subterranean call. The sailor jumped clear of the grating and listened. "Help!" was repeated. "Say, you, I am locked in here. Go to Helen's Court and get Mrs. Jones." "I say Jones because that isn't the name—She has the shop key."

The sailor wandered his way to Helen's Court and woke the echoes of the night by bawling: "Mrs. Jones! Mrs. Jones! I want you Mrs. Jones!" Whereupon Mister Jones, appeared, pajama clad and with a club, brushing the dew in hasty steps away as he reached for the sailor.

"What do you want of Mrs. Jones?" he demanded, brandishing his weapon.

"Me! I don't want nawthin', but there's a guy down here says for me to take Mrs. Jones down to his shop."

More club swinging; more explanations. Finally all was made clear and the sailor, Mr. Jones and Mrs. Jones paraded to the rescue.

Mr. Steiner is having a different look put on his cellar door.

I wonder if our little city is really permanently laid out even yet? Have you noticed the crowded condition of the streets and sidewalks lately? There are times when it is impossible to walk at a decent rate along Fort, King or Hotel streets, and already vehicles of all sorts avoid them as much as possible. Yet almost every month some far-sighted visitor tells us that the growth of the city has only begun, and every Honolulu feels certain that the next ten years is going to see a city here compared to which the present Honolulu is a small proposition.

Now, imagine Honolulu doubled in population and retail business, with the present Fort and King and Hotel streets as the main arteries. The jam of people would be insufferable—impossible. If by any means a new trade center with wider streets and sidewalks should spring up, reasonably located with reference to the docks and street car lines, the business would inevitably go there. The whole width of Fort street, sidewalk and all, would not make much more than the necessary space for respectable sidewalks for the center of a big city. Taking our nearest neighbor as an example, Fort street, including sidewalks, is little more than the width of the sidewalks alone along Market street, San Francisco. We do not need to figure on requiring anything like San Francisco's width of street, but if Honolulu grows much more, the present central streets will be avoided simply for the reason that they will be overcrowded, and the retail business center will change as a result, so that these streets, unless widened, may become the small back-streets of wider main arteries. If you want to see something of an illustration of this, join the throngs that will soon be doing their Christmas shopping, and realize how little space we are trying to do a large business in.

To a newspaper somewhere in India belongs credit for the story of the century, and at the door of "Bud" Mars, the man whom we all saw flying at Moanalua, must responsibility for it be laid. Mars recently gave an exhibition in Mexico, startling the inhabitants of that country with his flights. Of course the news of it went round the world and of course in translation there was room for many errors. The story got to Bengal in the form of an account of the landing in Mexico of a man from Mars, and in due time the Scientific American received the following solemn inquiry from a Hindoo subscriber in Cuttack:

I shall be infinitely obliged and highly thankful to you if you will kindly take on yourself the trouble to inform me at an early date as to the truth and accuracy of the following incident said to have occurred in Mexico, which has excited the amazement of the people in this quarter of the globe, especially in the absence of any mention of it in your world-renowned paper, the Scientific American, which I have been an interested reader of; nor do I find any such reliable authority to be referred to on the topic.

The local papers here describe the descent of a man from Mars accompanied with a clap of thunder and lightning which put all the people of the locality to flight with the single exception of a scientist, who alone had the courage to proceed to the scene of the occurrence to satisfy his curiosity, and he is said to have described the man to be twenty cubits long, his speech being above the book of the scientist. At last, the man, as is said, after a short stay, flew away. Here I request you to throw some light on the subject which will bring us from the realm of uncertainty to that of truth.

I should like to know just how the Hindoo paper gave this stupendous piece of news, and how its subscribers received it. There are details enough indicated in the letter of inquiry to show that somewhere along the route of the story's long journey from Mexico to Cuttack and during the various languages it passed through from "Greaser" to Hindoo, there was a Hearst correspondent ready to rise to the occasion. The "twenty cubits long" is not a bad touch.

The editors of the scientific paper replied with due solemnity. It was easy to trace the source of the mistake in the name of the aviator, considering the translations and possibly some much abbreviated telegrams. "In some such fashion, doubtless," say the editors after giving their explanation, "were founded and perpetuated many of the myths of ancient Greece and Rome."

It must have been a red hot story in Cuttack while it lasted.

Barreling the fashionable world from China to Peru commentators unite in asserting that politeness is a thing of the past; that good manners are bad fads; and that he who gives way to civility brings upon himself the odious suspicion of humble origin. It is claimed, in short, that the only passport into the realm of the elite is a manner unadorned with politeness, fringed with hauteur, and unadorned with refinement. Courtesy is of the vulgar. It suggests the social struggle, the sympathetic would-be, the rank "paunder." If one is absolutely sure (thus with the fashionable world) one runs no risk of being scorned with politeness; one is bound to be set down as a person of assumed

SIDELIGHTS

JAPANESE SPY STORIES

It was at Fort Kamehameha and there was a party of about sixty well known men of the Territory inspecting the big twelve-inch guns, which in fact were about twenty feet long, more or less, and among the visitors was a well known editor of a Japanese paper who has a sense of humor. And, while I think of it, I rise to remark that with all the courtesy and deference of the average Japanese their funny bone is quite acute and sensitive. Well, this editor turned to me during the inspection and remarked with a smile and pointing at another newspaper man:

"His paper ought to have a picture of me inspecting these guns, it would give it a good chance to have a story about another Japanese spy stealing the secrets of the fortifications of the United States."

Then he added, after a moment of studying what would make the best sort of newspaper picture:

"Especially if the snap could be taken while I was straddling the muzzle and looking down the bore," and at the idea of what that newspaper spy story would be like, he laughed merrily.

And that reminds me of a war scare down in Southern California, when one of the Los Angeles papers printed a sensational story about Japanese spies taking observations along the Malibu ranch coast in preparation for a landing of troops from transports. There was considerable excitement in some quarters as the story was circumstantial. But it turned out that the Japanese were simply trying to survey a homestead in that wild district to file on through a friend and wanted to know its lines and whether it reached to the sea.

SOME SUGAR CANE.

It was an interesting thing to watch the expert sugar plantation managers during the trip back from Pearl Harbor, on Friday, as the special train wound back and forth between the various cane fields. Of all things in the world that is probably most familiar and monotonous to these men it is undoubtedly sugar cane, they have for the most part practically spent their lives among it, yet on Friday it was amusing to see how much interest they took in the panorama of waving cane through which our way led. On one side of the car would be a grown field heavily tasseled, yet on the other side there was at times a young field with its straggly rows; there was Lahaina cane and other kinds—in all stages of development. All of it was interesting to the men in the cars, which only goes to show that they must be natural born plantation managers.

While the train was going through a part of the Honolulu plantation E. E. Paxton turned to P. C. Jones and told him that all the cane in sight was on a part of the Dowsett estate.

"Yes, I know," remarked Jones in a tired tone of voice, "I sold it all to Jim Dowsett in 1863."

"You didn't hold it long enough," commented Paxton.

"I held it too long," answered Jones. "I lost ten thousand dollars on it." And then the train swept around a curve and ran along by the border of Kalia harbor and relieved the pent-up feelings of P. C. J.

ENFORCING THE LAW.

When the Raines law was passed by the New York legislature back in the nineties, it happened that Theodore Roosevelt was a police commissioner of New York City. There was much dissatisfaction over this law, it discriminated in favor of the cheap hotels and quickly turned a thousand mere saloons into so-called hotels with a bar attachment. Incidentally it struck a blow at that large German population which appreciates a glass of good draught beer with its dinner on Sundays. Mass meetings were held by the German societies and it was determined to send a delegation to see the police commissioner and find out if he was going to strictly enforce the new law and cut out any prospect of getting a pitcher of beer and closing up the German beer halls, where so many families went for a social time in the evening to hear music and drink beer.

The delegation called in due time and in full force at police headquarters in Mulberry street, and the spokesman opened up. He explained at length the hardship the enforcement of the law would bring upon those he represented and asked that the law be practically permitted to remain a dead letter. "Well, gentlemen," replied Commissioner Roosevelt, "I may as well inform you right away that I intend to enforce that law up to the hilt. Beginning with next Sunday there won't be a drop of beer sold in this town, except in hotels, if I can help it."

The spokesman and the delegation looked startled, then their faces fell, and two or three started in to argue the matter with "Teddy." But he cut them short and continued, with a twinkle in his eye which gave them hope:

"But I want to say that I agree with you entirely as to the badness of this law and that is one reason I am determined to enforce it. The more strictly I enforce it the quicker it will be repealed. It's up to you, gentlemen, to see that it is repealed."

But Roosevelt soon after became assistant secretary of the navy and the police commissioners who followed kept their eyes closed and the back doors of the saloons open.

Who's Serry Now?

In an address before the Sunday Evening Club of Chicago, says the New York Sun, Mr. J. A. McDonald, editor of the Toronto Globe and one of the sharpest political observers of the Dominion, said of the late election:

The people have returned to sober thinking and regret their action. The voters were swayed by the unintelligent emotion of the crowd. The annexation bugbear was to blame for it all. It was just an evil rumor that got started, and you could no more stop it than you could halt a tornado. People were swept away by it, and acted rashly. They are now in a repentant mood.

The morning after feeling, eh! It was no doubt as a crowd, influenced by the emotions peculiar to the crowd, that the majority of Canadians voted in September. It is as individuals, with goods to sell, that they must contemplate the situation now.

Perhaps the calm and good temper displayed on this side of the line over the great refusal may have had an effect in making our good neighbors wonder if they had not turned their backs on something worth while; wonder, in fact, if we could have carried it off so well, and hidden our disappointment so beautifully, if we had not had a sneaking suspicion that the Dominion would have had the better end of the bargain.

Mr. Borden's present parliament has almost four years to go. If he can keep his majority in line he need not get a fresh "mandate" from the country for that period.

But after that? Is he prepared to see his party swept out, and the Liberals swept in at the next election? If he is not will he fall back on the device of "dishing the Whigs"? That is the process by which you beat your opponent on a proposal, and when you have landed safely, proceed to make it your own.

The question is interesting, but more so for London than for Washington. Most Americans will say wearily, "Why, we thought that the matter was settled for us by the Canadians."

position and great importance; moreover, one who knows what's what. As for people who persist in politeness, let them accept the consequences. They ought to know better. Some day they will.

As the vulgar drove is apt to copy the manners of its social superiors, a mere spectator would like to know what will happen when the rudeness of the classes extends to the masses? Will all politeness cease? Or, in utter desperation, will the classes cultivate civility as a badge of distinction? Truly, no man knoweth. No, nor women either. Meantime let us be thankful for the civility of yard boys and laundry men, peddlers of vegetables, cooks and lady's maids. Prize them. Gather ye roses while ye may, for, ere long, they, too, may become like their betters.

The present issue of The Advertiser makes a new Hawaiian record. It has more news of a strictly local nature, more paid for advertising at a higher rate, more illustrations from plates and halftones made in its own plant and more readers than any paper heretofore published in the Territory. More people read The Advertiser than read all the other English papers of the Territory combined and the rapidly growing subscription list justifies the expanding advertising patronage the paper receives.

Small Talks

LOREN ANDREWS—I hear that there is likely to be an independent ticket in the field for the local offices next time.

A. T. WISDOM—We're having considerable difficulty trying to convince patrons of the F. M. O. A. cafeteria that they don't have to wash their own dishes. Of course the cafeteria idea is new to Honolulu, but people are getting "on" to it rapidly.

COL. C. J. MCCARTHY—The plans that were submitted to the harbor commission for a wharf at Hilo were all good. That of the railroad company appeared to meet the conditions best, owing largely to the location of present property rights and railroad lines.

SUPERVISOR KRUEGER—The City and County of Honolulu is not alone in being hard up. The new law affects all the counties, and they will all be without funds during the first few months of the year. The money is there all right, but we can't get it.

ATTORNEY GENERAL LINDSAY—The doctors say that the cases which led to our present sanitary campaign were yellow fever—and they didn't disagree about it either. I do not see that I, or any other non-medical person, have any right to dispute their verdict.

CHARLES A. PETERSON—We have drained all our agricultural land at the Oahu Insane Asylum and have gone in for dry-land farming. There is no reason to suppose that that taro can be raised by dry farming just as successfully here as on Hawaii, and the other crops also.

F. J. TESTA—It is not all the fault of the Hawaiian tough gangs that there is trouble with the marines, as can be found out by anyone who inquires about the conduct of some marines about Hawaiian homes. These visiting sailor boys appear to be a fine and well behaved lot of men.

DR. MARSHALL—Entomologist Swezey certainly didn't do his professional reputation any good by his testimony in the Mills case. His admission that in searching for mosquito larvae he tore the leaves from banana plants, and didn't preserve the standing water, made his testimony ridiculous.

E. S. BARRY—Just because I had a demijohn under my arm on the way down town the other morning is no reason I have taken to drink. I was just getting it filled with "rub-down" for my "Beauts" to use after they have run rings around the best baseball team in the fleet in the game of December 24.

SECRETARY H. P. WOOD—We are having some fine souvenir hat bands made for the occasion of the cruiser California's entry into Pearl Harbor. Every sailor will get one, and we propose to send them to the chambers of commerce all over the world. They are suitably worded to call attention to the notable event.

J. LIGHTFOOT—From the ocean Honolulu seems all decorated in red flags looking very much like the Union Jack. I was greatly puzzled on returning from Kona and seeing these flags. It was enough to make a man think that the British had annexed the place, until he learned that the display was of the new Chinese flag.

ARCHIVIST LYDECKER—A petition from sundry residents of Honolulu was presented in the house of representatives, May 7, 1892, praying that the legislature abolish the attorneys-at-law. The house, however, seemed to think that they were a necessary evil, and on the report of a select committee, to whom the petition had been referred, it was tabled, May 10.

SHERIFF JARRETT—I don't know what we should do if an emergency requiring a strong force came upon us suddenly. When the Russians gathered in front of the station and threatened an attack I was alone. I had to send down stairs and bring up men who were serving time, but whom I could trust, and give them clubs, to help me in standing off the rioters until I could get help.

CAPTAIN ELLICOTT, U. S. N.—The ground breaking ceremonies on the site of the San Francisco exposition, at which President Taft was present, was one of the best staged affairs I ever witnessed. The Californians always do the spectacular and elaborate thing and this ceremony was certainly unusually impressive. I don't know of any place where they stage such public affairs so well as in California.

DEPUTY SHERIFF ROSE—It is nonsense for these hoodlums who are making trouble to say that the marine recently found dead in the water was killed by a blow on the head and that marines are responsible. The autopsy clearly showed drowning to have caused death. The matter was fully investigated. We have a witness who was near the place where the man fell into the water all through the night of the tragedy, and can prove that there was no row or fighting there at all.

B. F. DILLINGHAM—Where the Oahu Railroad Company is now carrying 550,000 tons of freight for delivery at the railroad wharves here, I had the fight of my life to get the land kept available that is now so valuable for shipping and where at least two-thirds of the shipping of Honolulu harbor is now handled. I had to fight the chamber of commerce and many other interests here to prevent a bulkhead wharf being built entirely across the Ewa end of the harbor and left a sick bed to force the matter to an issue. I won out and am gratified today that the fight was won, as the public generally should be as well.

DR. SUN BACKS LI FOR PRESIDENT

The following telegram received from Dr. Sun Yat Sen, says the China Press, settles the present whereabouts of the famous reformer, and gives the first definite information of his intentions that finite information of his intentions that

Paris, November 16.

"Please inform all concerned that I am now en route to the Orient from America via Europe. I understand that the Powers maintain a strict neutrality, but they do not seem to understand fully our idea, especially the declaration of independence by the provinces. I am glad to hear that a conference will be held at Shanghai by the delegates to form a central provisional government."

"I naturally am of the opinion that General Li should be elected the first president, and I understand that General Li prefers that Yuan Shih K'ai should take the position. Either General Li or Yuan Shih K'ai are eligible in my opinion."

"It should be a good thing if your people can arrange this early for the sake of the Nation. Delay would mean considerable harm. The object of our

future should be the energetic promotion of industry and commerce. Members selected to serve in the government should depend on actual service."

"We must not do what the Manchus have done. Let all remember not to benefit one's self."

"Sun Yat Sen."

Outlined Plans.

PARIS, November 25—Dr. Sun Yat Sen outlined the future regime in China to Le Courrier European during his stay in Paris. According to this journal he said that, although it would be a federal republic and essentially modern, care would be taken not to touch the ancient traditions of old China, such as the ancient language of the Mandarins, the ideologic writings of which alone would be simplified.

"The revolutionaries wish," added Dr. Sun, "to prove by abstention from violence, their sympathies with peace. The Chinese republic will be thrown open to foreign commerce and the first act of the new government will be to suppress all limitations on commercial relations with the outside world. In return the republic intends, in consideration of fresh facilities granted for international commerce, to reserve for itself the right to regulate the customs interests of its own growing industries, and no longer for outsiders."

Dr. Sun concluded by saying that the republic would respect all engagements of the Chinese empire, even those with Russia and Japan.

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CHOLERA and

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